The Downstairs Club

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/27356785.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Categories:	F/F, Other
Fandoms:	Good Omens - Neil Gaiman & Terry Pratchett, Good Omens (TV)
Relationship:	Aziraphale/Crowley (Good Omens)
Characters:	Aziraphale (Good Omens), Crowley (Good Omens)
Additional Tags:	Ineffable Wives | Female Aziraphale/Female Crowley (Good Omens), Femme Aziraphale, Butch Crowley, androgynous crowley, She/Her Pronouns for Aziraphale (Good Omens), She/Her Pronouns for Crowley (Good Omens), Shoes, boot licking, thirties fashion, Shapewear, Girdle, Corset, Femdom, Gentle domme Aziraphale, Switching, Montreal, lesbian herstory, LGBTQIA History, Queer History, Québec, French-Canadian Literature, Cunnilingus, Vaginal Fingering, All the things I like, Ineffable Lovers
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of another mother tongue
Stats:	Published: 2020-11-03 Words: 3,469 Chapters: 1/1

The Downstairs Club

by slattern

Summary

The demon was at the bar, wedged between two couples entwined around each other. One side of her small rear perched on a stool at the wooden bar, a leg that seemed immeasurably long from hip to foot balancing her on the floor. Her back was to Aziraphale, who indulged fully in an unrestricted gaze, starting from the dark red of Crowley's hair contrasting with the pale skin at the nape of her neck. A slip of a scarlet collar peeped above the black of her jacket, a red gash emphasizing the pallor of her skin. Her black suit looked to be wool, fine woven. The trouser legs wide and draping to reveal the shape of her thigh, muscles shifting as she balanced against the press of the women on either side of her. Aziraphale could see from the angle of her shoulders, the cock of the demon's head, that she was relaxed. Amused.

Notes

Un-beta'd, no doubt filled with errors. Completely self-indulgent porn, please enjoy my election-related anxious horniness.

This story is in the same universe as 'It is here, my daughters.'

For Laura, of course.

See the end of the work for more notes

focus on yes, on the woman's
eyelids
caress not silence not word
focus beyond. Hold me back

Nicole Brossard, from "Smooth Horizon of the Verb Love"

[1]

...o.O.O.o…

Montreal, late November, 1956

The settee was really very comfortable. As was this corporation, if Aziraphale were to be honest. The extra layer of padding atop her usual softness made the act of sitting on an upholstered seat in this warm room, filled mostly with human women, terribly plush. Sipping her definitely-not-served-here hot toddy (*Honestly! Just so comfortable*), the angel took the time to look luxuriously around. The moist warmth of the room was greatly emphasized by the snapping cold outside the walls. She could faintly hear the wind through the thick stone, even down here below street level. The ruddy cheeks and shining hair of the humans arrayed around the room press together in cozy, thrumming knots. A fur stole catches the light, glass fox eyes flashing alive. Fat black curls pinned alluringly bend towards a glossy, pomaded head, crisply parted. Red lips, the colour stained and muted by this time of night, whisper in a bare ear above a starched collar.

Aziraphale shifts in her seat, appreciating the drag of her stockings over the satin of slip as she wiggles. She uncrosses and recrosses her plump calves, stocking line immaculate from the hem of her caramel skirt to her boots. The boots gave her a little added confidence, a bit of support about the ankle as she walks. They were dated now, as was her whole outfit really, but there was no point trying to keep abreast of the changes the human fashions made, decade to decade. Her camel suit and high necked blue blouse, the close curls of her light blond hair, were from a few decades ago, before the war. Even if this hadn't been a very forgiving place, she looked to most eyes unremarkable, and indeed, what she was; a middle-aged femme enjoying the styles of her younger days.

The boots had been almost unbearably exciting when new, in the late thirties.[2] She'd worn them once, for a slushy November assignment she'd not mentioned to Crowley, who had never seen them in the years since. She could still picture the little cream skirt suit that had gone with them, blue puff sleeved blouse with a smart pussy bow in a touch of tartan. *I mean why not.* At that time, she'd been delighted Her Majesty's cheery, bucolic look [3] had overtaken that of Mrs. Simpson, [4] although 'the other woman' was a truly magnificent creature, Aziraphale couldn't deny her allure.

The boots were very soft inside, unchanged since the day they'd been purchased. The cradle of the fleece lining held Aziraphale's stockinged toes. The outer body of the boot was rubber, white, immaculate and only slightly worn, testament to how rarely she'd put them on. The material held her foot and ankle in a firm grip, stronger than leather would. The fastenings

were three very smart snaps, which still looked *immensely modern* to Aziraphale's eye. There was a dip at the front, revealing a patch of pale stocking, and then the luxuriant fluff of white rabbit fur, soft as can be, spilling up and out from the cuff of the boot, wrapping around to hug the back of the angel's calves. Tucking one foot behind the other, the tickle of the fur could be felt through the thin silk of her stocking, against her sensitive skin. She was sitting forward a bit now, she realized. She was looking for Crowley.

The demon was at the bar, wedged between two couples entwined around each other. One side of her small rear perched on a stool at the wooden bar, a leg that seemed immeasurably long from hip to foot balancing her on the floor. Her back was to Aziraphale, who indulged fully in an unrestricted gaze, starting from the dark red of Crowley's hair contrasting with the pale skin at the nape of her neck. A slip of a scarlet collar peeped above the black of her jacket, a red gash emphasizing the pallor of her skin. Her black suit looked to be wool, fine woven. The trouser legs wide and draping to reveal the shape of her thigh, muscles shifting as she balanced against the press of the women on either side of her. Aziraphale could see from the angle of her shoulders, the cock of the demon's head, that she was relaxed. Amused. Her hand on the bar held a thick cut glass, full of some amber liquid. If it was from the liquor behind the bar, Crowley had no doubt expended some energy to improve it. The rapid twirling of the glass in those long fingers betrayed some inner agitation, almost suppressed. Aziraphale's mouth watered a little. Suddenly, the long line of Crowley's spine became irresistible, and the angel put down her drink and rose to her feet.

Aziraphale's undergarments include a rubber boned longline corset, hugging her frame gently in a pleasing way around her body. The shape of it pushes her ample breasts together, forward. They swell out in the soft cotton of her button front blouse, and are the first part of her body to touch Crowley, a gentle bump against the demon's shoulder blades under her jacket, before the angel is slipping a plump arm around the narrow ribcage.

"You're looking most ravishing, my dear." If Aziraphale exerts a tiny miracle, just mouse sized really, to make herself pulse a little warmer, to waft the smell of vanilla and ink a little stronger around her friend… well where's the harm?

Crowley is already spinning on the stool, turning into Aziraphale's arms. "Well hullo angel. Nice outfit." Crowley's eyes wander leeringly up and down the angel's body.

"Isn't it though. You can imagine it's a feat to get in and out of but we make do, don't we." The angel's words are breathy, suggestive, especially as they're accompanied by a squeeze of Crowley's torso, other hand starting to wander between the demon's shirt buttons, before pulling them against each other. "Would you like a closer look, Crowley?" The angel's grasp is more than firm now, holding Crowley's breath in her lungs for a beat, captive to Aziraphale's strength, lips tender against the demon's ear, round chin resting on the padded shoulder of Crowley's blazer, their chests crushing together.

"Yes, yes I would."

They were hardly the first couple that night to stagger, swaying, knotted together, towards the washroom at the back of the bar. But they were certainly the first to find it
1. Completely unoccupied and

2. Surprisingly roomy and immaculate, with a blue satin upholstered bench against one wall, for a lady to sit and be refreshed, presumably.

Aziraphale backs herself towards the bench, the door locking behind them as their embrace transforms into a kiss, deep, relieved. When the cushion of the bench bumps against her, Aziraphale breaks the kiss, pulling slightly back to sit, pushing Crowley down in front of her to the thick pile carpet - its swooping pattern of pink, blue and beige roses repeating across the floor - which also was making a first appearance in the lady's room at the Downstairs Club. [5] Crowley sinks to her knees with a sigh, resting her cheek on Aziraphale's soft camel hair skirt. Aziraphale reaching down, pulls the glasses off Crowley's face. *It never felt old. Never ever,* thought Aziraphale. The moment their eyes met. From the first time to this time, she wondered at it anew. *In fact*, she reflected fondly, *it did feel old*; each evening they've passed since prehistory adding a layer of burnished lacquer to what was between them, now deeper, thicker, more varied. The friends looked at each other warmly for a few breaths, until Crowley drops her gaze, smiling, nuzzling into Aziraphale's stocking covered thigh above her knee. The angel brings her hand to Crowley's head, thick fingers digging into the longer hair at the top, gripping experimentally, provoking a groan from Crowley against Aziraphale's leg. She can feel wetness through the stockings from Crowley's mouth against her.

She lets Crowley suckle there for a bit, the patch of wetness growing, until she starts to fear for the integrity of her stocking. The hand in Crowley's hair pulls, tilting the dazed demon backwards, so Aziraphale can lift one white boot to Crowley's breast, toeing aside the lapel to the red satin of her dress shirt. Crowley's eyes fall, focusing slowly, until they rest on the boot pressed against her. Crowley's mouth opens, lips pursing, and she sputters, inarticulate.

"Aren't they lovely my dear? I know we both appreciate a fine piece of footwear." The point of the toe becomes a touch more forceful, but Aziraphale knows she doesn't even have to ask outright. It's the truth - they both love shoes.

Crowley's face is sinking against the side of the boot, rubbing the smooth rubber with her cheek, lips pressing gently over the round snaps. She kisses over the whole upper, before bringing her hands up to either side of Aziraphale's ankle, and lifting her gaze. The angel can feel the tenderness in every muscle around her own eyes, the warmth of tears lurking there as she looks down at Crowley, radiant, beautiful, taut with yearning, kneeling so sweetly in front of Aziraphale, asking permission for the next touch, though it pain her.

"Of course my dear, go ahead." With a groan, Crowley's knobby fingers grasp the boot resting on her collarbone. Her mouth presses to the top of it, the narrow triangle that opens to Aziraphale's stockinged foot. The first wisp of fur brushes Crowley's lips, and she seems electrified, nuzzling into the softness, tasting and huffing it, until she's kissing up the inside of Aziraphale's round calf, above the fur. Aziraphale feels the wetness between her legs surge, pulse out onto the cotton gusset of her satin knickers, the sight, and increasingly the sensation, of Crowley's mouth on her leg pulls a gasp of pleasure from the angel. The grip of the latex girdle she's squeezed into adds a frisson of restraint to Aziraphale's in-breath that is quite intoxicating. Crowley looks up at the gasp, catching the angel's eyes as she feels her face goes loose with pleasure. The demon smiles.

“Well angel, seems you were going to show me how you get in and out of this lovely bit of fluff.” Without rising from her position on her knees at Aziraphale’s feet, Crowley slides her hands to the hem of the angel’s skirt, pushing it and the slip under it up, revealing a few inches of soft, silk-encased thigh. Aziraphale’s hand reaches to her head to stop her.

“Now, now. I can’t actually get out of anything, it’s all far too complicated and I barely can get in once. But you can... tour the architecture.” Without saying anything in response, Crowley resumes sliding the skirt up Aziraphale’s legs, until the top of stockings and thick beige garters become visible, followed immediately by the white lace trim of gold satin knickers, flowing down over the angel’s hips and belly.

Open-mouthed, sighing, Aziraphale slides forward on the padded seat, allowing her skirt to ruck up underneath her, revealing the lower half of her body, warm gold knickers, waistline hidden beneath the long girdle encircling her torso. Thick garters, stretching from the shaper to the top of her stockings, are tight across her lower belly. The fur of her mound is visible through the thin satin of the knickers, and it is there she guides Crowley’s eager mouth. The angel arches back against the wall in pleasure at the first touch of Crowley’s lips, the tip of her tongue, warmth of her breath. “Oh, Crowley, yes my darling it feels perfect. Perfect.” Aziraphale whispers down at Crowley’s bent head, and feels her friend respond to her words, pressing her mouth against the fabric to probe at the very top of Aziraphale’s vulva, the upper shaft of her clitoris just available to Crowley’s questing tongue, forcing itself against the now sodden satin. Aziraphale thrusts up into it, opening, shameless, overcome.

Allowing herself to rut up into Crowley’s mouth and stiff tongue is both exquisite relief and desperately unsatisfying for the angel. Tugging her friend’s face away from her body with her left hand, she pulls the waist of her knickers open and slips an eager, blunt-nailed hand into them, first and second finger finding the shaft and pert bud of her clitoris with a moan of satisfaction, pressing her lips open, wet satin clinging to every fold and swell. The lovers move together, Aziraphale’s hand guiding Crowley back between her legs, where the demon laps immediately at the rosy clitoris pressed up against the angel's underthings.

Aziraphale is transported by the touches between her legs, the squeeze of the boning around her ribs, compressing her breasts. The pull in her hamstrings as she balances the balls of her booted feet on Crowley’s padded shoulders. *Crowley*.... The sight of that head bent in service, knees sinking slightly into the pile of the rug, indulging Aziraphale so completely, serving her, taking what is allowed and using every bit of it to please Aziraphale. The angel’s eyes close in an excess of sensation.

“Oh Crowley, oh my darling, it feels so wonderful, your mouth is so wonderful, it feels so good, please don’t stop you clever thing, your tongue is too clever by far, oh, oh, oh.” Aziraphale’s words degenerate into something less intelligible, although she does repeat *Crowley*, softly, between high moans and cries.

Crowley, very satisfyingly and reliably, reacts to this string of babble from Aziraphale with an even more forceful tonguing, and her fingers move from the angel’s thighs to her vulva, the soaked gusset of the panties offering no impediment as her cool, long fingers push it aside to part Aziraphale’s inner lips, wet and sticky, thick knuckled thumbs gliding in and against the vault of the angel’s vagina, as velvety and slick as one might wish. Aziraphale is

overcome, delighted, arse lifting off the cushions, open into Crowley's hands, who licks the nub held between Azirphale's cramping fingers with renewed energy, removing her thumbs to fuck her index and ring finger into the angel in a steady, focused rhythm. Her other hand kneads a fat arse cheek. Aziraphale can feel cool air on the pucker of her opening as she is pulled open, lewdly.

Crowley's increasingly frantic licking and fingering, her muffled exclamations between Aziraphale's thighs, push the angel over the edge, she's clutching spasmodically at Crowley's fingers inside her, arching up into her mouth with an orgasm that's louder than intended and delectably interminable, Aziraphale crests wetly again and again and yet again, before, trembling, she lowers her backside back on to the bench. Crowley is looking at her, eyes wide and yellow, face shining, glazed and tender. As an aftershock of pleasure ripples through her pelvis, Aziraphale opens her arms.

"Oh my darling, come here, come here." And Crowley is on her lap in an instant, nuzzling her neck, tugging at the narrow tartan grosgrain ribbon at the collar, opening one blouse button and then a second. Aziraphale's hands at Crowley's waist open the fastening of her trousers, pulling her across the angel's lap to thrust both hands in them, front and back.

"Oh, Crowley, you are so marvelous, you gave me one of my favourite things, you held back so kindly. Shall I take care of you?" Her fingers are wiggling their way against the demon's body, who arches to let them part her arse, her furry lips, finding her vulva with gentle fingertips. Crowley moans, wriggling up in Aziraphale's arms, giving her room to work her left fingers into Crowley's cunt, so ready that it seems to suck the angel's thick fingers right in, the ridges of her demand the stroking of fingertips, both of them groaning at the relief of the sensation, of Aziraphale thrusting in and out.

Aziraphale's other hand finds Crowley's clitoris, thickened and sensitive. At the first stroke, Crowley cries out, clutching closer, throwing her thin arms around Aziraphale's neck, rising up to ride the angel's hand, they're finally kissing, they've barely kissed tonight. Aziraphale feels herself calm, soften, the creamy sweetness of her own orgasm still flowing slowly through her veins. The wet warmth of Crowley's tongue and mouth as their kiss deepens is one sensation with the slow thrust of her fingers into Crowley's cunt, a whiff of discorporation as they kiss, body parts blending into an ineffable whole, the rise and fall of Crowley's hips, the stroke of Aziraphale's fingers, unhurried and unending. As they kiss, they pause, each pulling back to whisper endearments,

"Oh, angel, fuck, you're so good, you're so beautiful." Crowley is looking down at Aziraphale, who looks back at her, marveling at this insolent, biddable, insatiable creature she adores.

"Oh my darling Crowley, you pleased me so much, I want you so much."

They kiss again, Crowley inveigling a few more blouse buttons open, allowing her to press kisses and wet suckles onto the top of Aziraphale's breast, whose finger is moving a little faster now between the demon's legs. They're murmuring 'darlings' and 'angels' and 'loves' into each other's mouths, it's that kind of night, that kind of place.

When Crowley's release finally comes, she's wild in Aziraphale's lap, thrusting against the fingers inside her, a third one giving her the fullness Aziraphale knows she craves. Fast firm strokes at her clitoris, pausing now and then to elicit a cry of frustration from Crowley, but even that stops, Aziraphale's hand is relentless, bringing the demon to her peak.

Gripping the angel's neck, curving in her arms, Crowley lips, swollen and damp from kissing, press into Aziraphale's neck, her ear, "You're making me come angel, I'm going to come." It's a whisper, barely audible next to Crowley's wordless moans and grunts, but Aziraphale's hips thrust up in helpless response, both hands clutching, desperate, into Crowley.

"Yes, my darling, give me your climax please." Aziraphale whispers it too, matching the tension in their bodies with her voice, Crowley is a molten sword in the blacksmith's hands, about to plunge into the quench tank, and then she is, crying and hissing her release into Aziraphale's mouth, neck, body. The angel's hands grip between Crowley's legs, undeterred by her spasms, carrying her through until her body relaxes against Aziraphale's.

They cuddle together on the bench for a few minutes, sticky fingers intertwining when Aziraphale finally, reluctantly, yields to the limits of the corporation and slides out of Crowley's body. *It is still very cold outside*, thinks Aziraphale. They should get a cab to her flat, which has an apple cake, a bottle of port, and a large, warm bed in a room with a fireplace. Aziraphale strokes the nape of Crowley's neck as she contemplates a very pleasant second act to the evening, heedless, or perhaps slightly heeding, what she was anointing her friend with.

Crowley always tended to shake off her post-coital languor faster than Aziraphale, and the angel was still lost her in daydream when she realized Crowley, silent for a few moments, was looking focusedly at her cleavage, spilling out from the partially unbuttoned blouse.

"You weren't kidding about architecture angel. It looks like you're smuggling two profiteroles in a silk handkerchief. That corset's magic." The demon's golden eyes twinkled happily, bringing a finger up to stroke the ripe spill of a pale breast over the edge of the garment compressing the angel's shape.

"I suppose I really could show you how I get out of it. If you wanted to get somewhere warmer. Perhaps have a bit of a bite to eat." Aziraphale kept her tone light, not looking at Crowley, but she could feel the very corner of her mouth starting to curve in a smile when the demon's arm tightened around her neck.

"I could do with a drink. You'd better right this restroom though angel, you got a bit carried away, didn't you?"

Aziraphale huffs a denial as the two slowly stand, straightening very mussed clothing with a put upon look. "You know I'll take care of everything." As they make their way out of the bar to the street and are welcomed into a waiting cab by a slightly disoriented driver, the blue and pink bathroom vanishes back into the ether, and the entire bar is engulfed in an aura of well-being. The building disappears from the minds of the vice squad entirely, and even the miserable bartenders and bouncers are unable to turn their misdeeds on the patrons, who enjoy each other's companionship in warmth and safety for a few days at midwinter.

...o.O.O.o…

End Notes

1. Read the entire work by Nicole Brossard

2. These are the boots, the white ones in the middle

3. For example

4. For example

5. The Downstairs Club was a real bar I went to in Montreal as a student, it felt incredibly cool at the time, down a narrow flight of stairs, it had a $5 vegetarian lasagna lunch special, and live jazz. The location of the club in this story is a different space, home to a lesbian bar called Chez Madame Arthur, immortalized by Marie Claire Blais in her novel, *Nights in the Underground.* See pictures and read about the resistance history of Chez Madame Arthur Incidentally, the Victorian house on Bishop street that housed Chez Madame Arthur eventually became the Simone De Beauvoir Institute at Concordia University where I had some adventures in a much smaller and dirtier bathroom than the one Aziraphale manifests.

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